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Twenty-Something? There's a McJob in Your Future

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Unrolling the Dead Sea Scrolls

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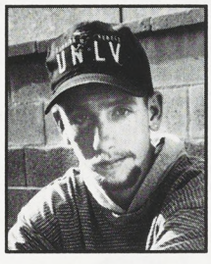

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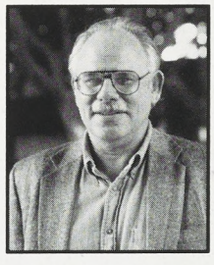

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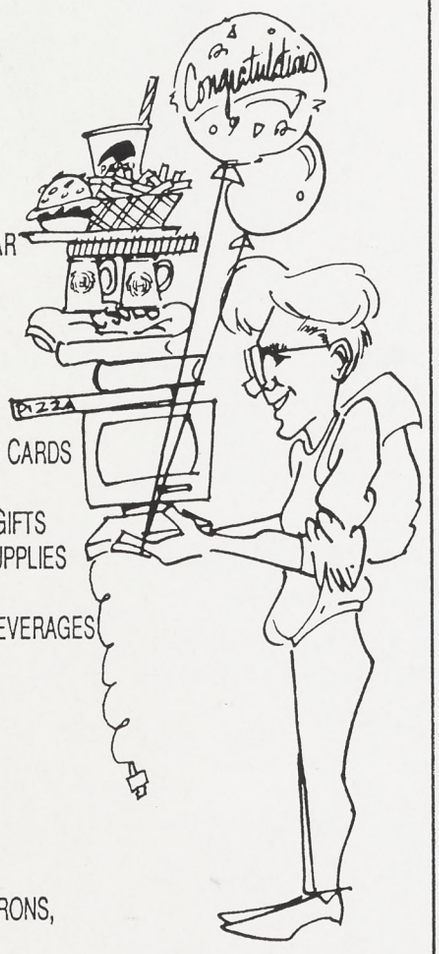

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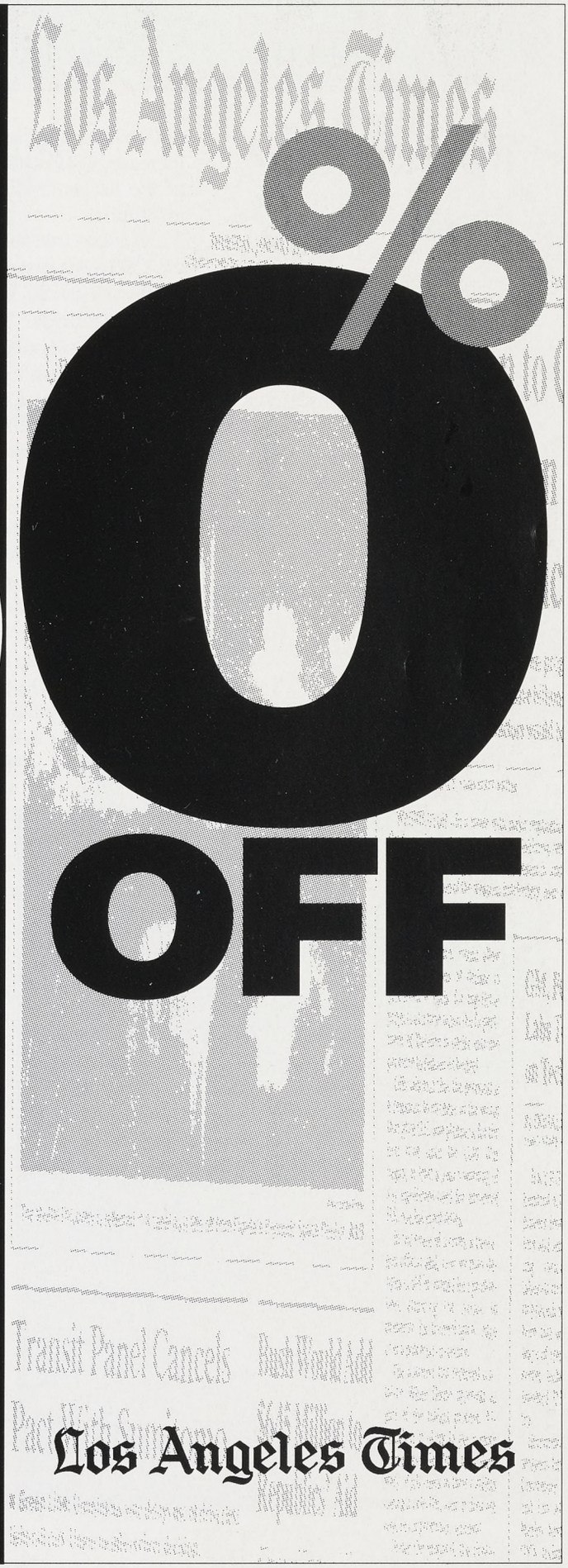


Where Is Your Money Going?

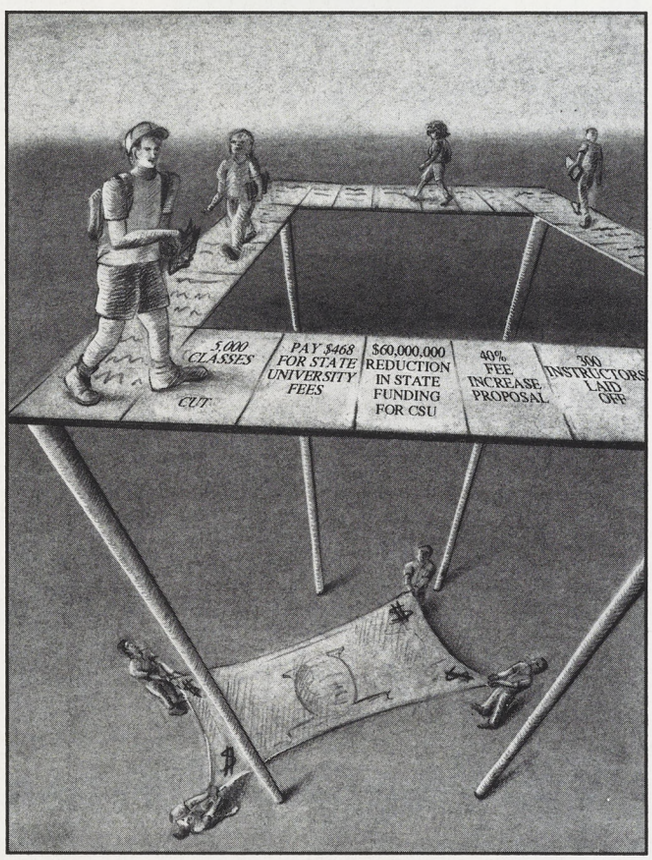
by
Jennifer Schlocker

For most California State University (CSU) students, fee increases are as commonplace as crowded classrooms and expensive textbooks. An average increase of 8.4 percent over the past five years has left students grumbling unhappily to themselves and to each other. But with the proposed 40 percent increase, the grumbling evolved into vocal protests with the compelling question on every student's mind—why?

Although the fee hikes seem brutal and unfair, in comparison to other state colleges, California college fees are just catching up in the tuition race. Even with the 40 percent increase, CSU is still near the bottom of the list nationally of comparable institutions.

Annual tuition fees in 1991 for the CSU system were $936; the University of Nevada, Las Vegas charged $1,240; Florida State University, $1,307; New Mexico State University, $1,506 and Washington State University a whopping $2,072.

In 1960 the California Education Code's Master Plan was adopted to provide low-cost, high-quality education. "Historically, the state of California has been the most generous state to fund for higher education," said Dr. Peter Griffin, economics professor at California State University, Long Beach. "Yet now, there is no indication that this funding will increase. They [the state government] are just not willing to spend any more on the CSU or UC [University of California] systems." The state government continues to scrimp on school funding. As a result, student fees rise.


5,000 CLASSES CUT
PAY $468 FOR STATE UNIVERSITY FEES
$60,000,000 REDUCTION IN STATE FUNDING FOR CSU
40% FEE INCREASE PROPOSAL
300 INSTRUCTORS LAID OFF

In the fall of 1991, the CSU system decided on a 20 percent fce increase to offset a $60 million reduction in state funding. Three hundred instructors statewide were laid off and 5,000 classes were wiped off the schedule. At CSULB, making ends meet translated into the elimination of midyear admissions for freshmen; the football, swimming and tennis teams; 13 percent of class sections and 10 percent of library hours.

Although the UC system is not as dependent on state funding as the CSU, they too were hard-hit by budget cuts. The University of California, Berkeley, for example, cut 163 faculty members and increased fees 40 percent. And Governor Pete Wilson wants an additional 22 percent fee hike for the nine UC campuses.

This semester, everyone felt the budget cuts. "The effects of the cash squeèze have caused a dwindling of student programs and organizations," said Ann Chavez, senator for the Graduate School of Education at CSULB. "It is hard to support new groups and social activities when there is a lack of funds."

"Because I am a disabled student, I qualify for priority registration," Anthony Celoya, CSULB student, explained. "This enables me to get all of my classes with no problems—until this semester. Of the needed five courses, I got only two. I'm still asking myself what good the fee increase did; where did our extra money go to?"

The money CSU students pay is allocated to a number of places. Of the $526.50 spent for a full-time semester, $468 goes toward state university fees. Set by the chancellor, these cover basically everything except teacher's salaries according to Colleen Bentley-Adler, spokeswoman for the Chancellor's Office. "The $468 paid by students is used to cover the costs needed to provide student support services like the Counseling Center, Health Office, Career Development Center [and] Learning Assistance Center," she said.

Of the remaining $58.50, $25 is allocated to the University Student Union for maintenance. A $17 fee for the Associated Students, Inc. funds the senate and many student clubs and organizations and $12.50 goes to

Illustration by Carl Morton

Instructionally Related Activities. There is also a $3 facility fee and a $1 fee for student identification cards.

Although subject to change without notice, raising college fees is a legal process. Sections 66154, 66156 and 66158 of the California Education Code were adopted to ensure protection against the raising of student fees.

These laws clearly state that student fees will not be used to offset costs related to instruction; they are also to prevent last-minute fee hikes, guaranteeing that families and students will receive at least 10 months notice of an increase prior to the beginning of the Fall semester. And finally, only an increase limit of 10 percent of the prior year's student fees is legally allowed.

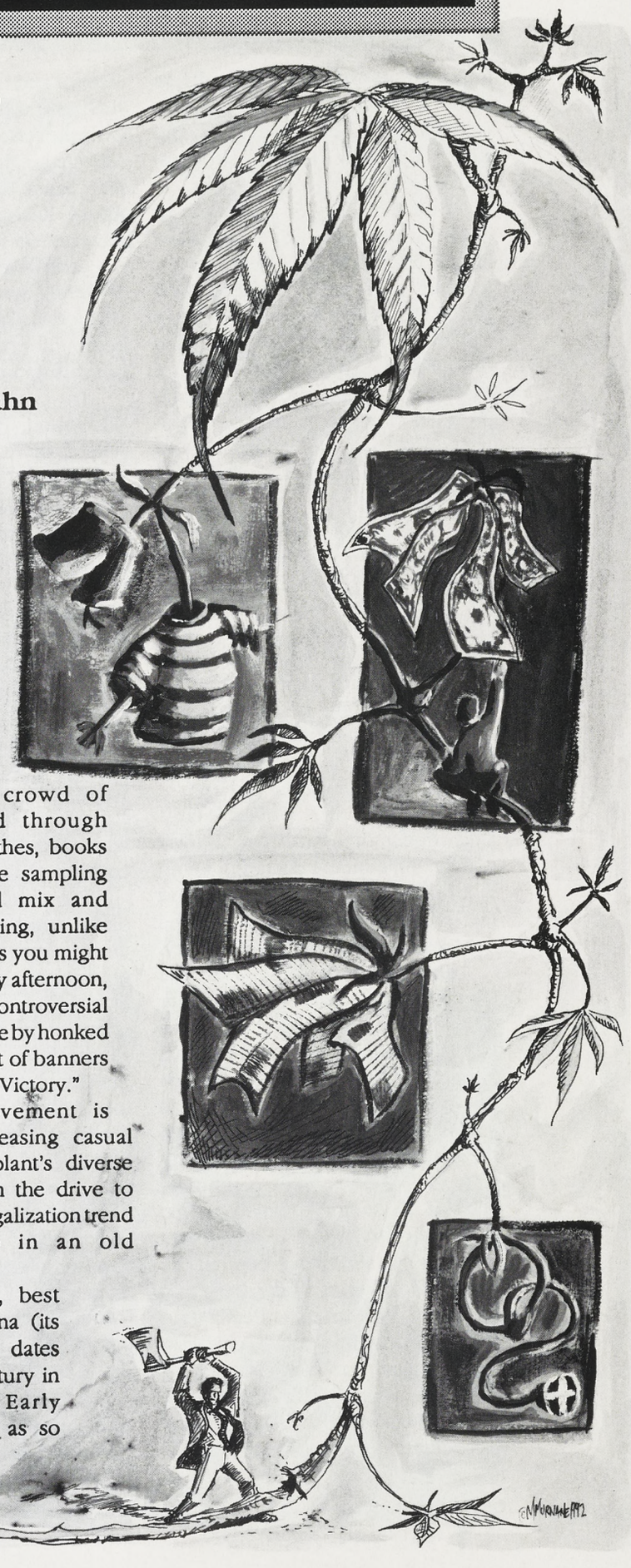
Justifying another fee increase, CSULB President Curtis McCray, in an interview with *Time* magazine, stated, "In chemistry, we have no chemicals. In art, there is no paint. In other parts, it's simply impossible to get paper. Hallways go uncleaned. We can't offer classes because we've laid off faculty." These conditions, as seen by McCray, will remain unless the system generates more money by raising fees.

In the meantime, Californians unaccustomed to high-priced education should brace themselves. Further increases loom ominously with the recession still raging full force and state budgets being axed daily. California may still offer one of the most inexpensive educations, but for CSU students the big question is—for how much longer?

Illustration by Mike Murnane

From Rope to Dope and Back Again

by
Janice Kahn



Business people in gray pinstripe suits mingled with men and women clad in brightly-colored tie-dyes, barefoot and dancing, waving their arms gingerly in the air, flowers crowning their heads. The crowd of hundreds browsed through buttons, stickers, clothes, books and pamphlets while sampling banana bread, trail mix and tamales. This gathering, unlike many other gatherings you might see on a sunny Sunday afternoon, was promoting a controversial cause. Some who drove by honked and waved in support of banners declaring "Hemp for Victory."

The hemp movement is gaining speed, increasing casual knowledge of the plant's diverse uses. But along with the drive to legalize its growing legalization trend comes a flare-up in an old controversy.

Growing hemp, best known for marijuana (its leaves and flowers), dates back to the 17th century in North America. Early governments saw it as so

important, farmers could actually be jailed if they were not actively cultivating the plant. Hemp was, and still is, the most durable, strongest and longest lasting natural fiber.

Until the 1820s, 80 percent of all fabrics were made principally from hemp fibers. They were softer, warmer and more durable than cotton. But with the new technology and invention of the cotton gin, cotton products could be made cheaper and easier than hemp products. Hemp production began to dwindle, but it continued to be the nation's second most used natural fiber— until it was outlawed in 1937.

Through most of the 19th century, books (including bibles), newspapers and even paper money were printed on hemp. The first draft of the Declaration of Independence and the United States Constitution were written on hemp paper, as well as such literary works as Lewis Carroll's *Alice in Wonderland.* Paper made from hemp fibers lasted longer and was easier and cheaper to make.

In 1916, the United States Department of Agriculture (USDA) issued Bulletin 404 declaring hemp a breakthrough paper-making material and predicted it would be America's largest agricultural industry.

Although outlawed in 1937, the World War II war effort brought hemp back to the United States. As late as 1942, the USDA distributed a film entitled *Hemp for Victory,* a movie every farmer at the time was encouraged to see. The film discussed the advantages of growing hemp, how and where to grow it properly and its agricultural benefits. The curious can look it up in any library computer or send for a copy of the film and supporting documents from the Help End Marijuana Prohibition organization (HEMP).

The American Hemp Council, a coalition of various hemp groups, works toward legalizing hemp, where it would be taxed and regulated like alcohol and tobacco. Activist groups such as HEMP, Business Alliance for Commerce in Hemp (BACH), National Organization to Reform Marijuana Laws and Constitution Abuse Resistance Education also advocate its legalization.

Jack Herer, director and founder of HEMP, wrote *The Emperor Wears No Clothes* after 12 years of compiling hemp information from government officials and documents.

In a recent rally speech in Westwood, Herer said, "When we started, there were only 300 people in the whole United States...that knew that hemp was once paper, that hemp was once fiber."

"Right now," said Dan Ernst, a BACH volunteer, "there are over 500 groups working for the re-legalization across the United States."

According to BACH research, by the year 2,000, America will have exhausted 80 percent of its petroleum reserves. Hemp could become the number one biomass (any type of vegetative matter) resource for conversion to methane and methanol, which would be cheaper fuels than coal, oil or nuclear energy.

Biomass comes from living plants, which remove harmful carbon dioxide from the atmosphere as they grow. Henry Ford even designed the Model T to run off fuel made from hemp, and the Ford Motor Co. successfully operated a biomass "cracking" plant in Michigan during the 1930s. The "cracking" process produced non-sulfur fuels to replace fossil fuels through pyrolysis (charcoalizing) or biochemical composting without releasing sulfur into the air.

Hemp fibers could replace 40 to 70 percent of all pulp paper, which today constitutes 93 percent of the world's paper. USDA Bulletin 404 reported that one acre of cannabis hemp, in annual rotation over a 20-year period, would produce as much pulp for paper as 4.1 acres of trees being cut down in the same period.

"We went back into the histories and into the United States Department of Agriculture," Herer said, "and we found out for sure that this was the number one plant on earth that could replace all tree paper."

When grown, hemp can bring life and nutrients back into depleted soil. One of the most efficient sources of cellulose, it can also be used as a biodegradable replacement for plastic bags, cellophane, PVC piping and many other plastic items.

Recipes, from rice and pie crust to salad dressing and cookies, utilize the hemp seed and its oil. In nutritional terms, only soybeans beat the hemp seed in vegetable protein. Hemp seeds contain 100 grams of protein per pound, have eight essential amino acids and are better utilized by the body. According to the World Hunger Project, an organization designed to save the world's children, "By itself, widespread use of hemp seed food protein could save many of the world's children now dying of protein starvation."

Roberta Lee Hamilton, Ph.D., a retired medical researcher and biochemist from University of California, Los Angeles, said, "We can have super health in this country if we want it, with this marvelous hemp seed that contains all the nutrients."

Medical research shows hemp has been used for treatment in many illnesses, including glaucoma, stress and migraines. "My personal interest is in seeing it used herbally," said Dr. Geri Rose, a practicing Pasadena chiropractor. "If a person finds that they can use it against headaches or asthma or menstrual cramps or arthritis, then [they] should be able to. Just like they go to a health food store now and purchase certain herbal remedies. I think they should be able to use hemp in the same way."

In 1970, hemp was moved in the schedule of drugs from Class 2,

having medicinal value, to Class 1, a dangerous substance with no known medicinal values.

Administrative Judge Francis L. Young recommended in 1988 that hemp be restored to a Class 2 standing. He wrote, "The evidence in this record clearly shows that cannabis has been accepted as capable of relieving the distress from great numbers of very ill people, and doing so with safety under medical supervision. It would be arbitrary and capricious for the DEA [Drug Enforcement Administration] to continue to stand between those sufferers and the benefits of this substance."

Those who oppose the re-legalization of hemp—and there are many—object to its mind-altering properties.Groups like Drug Abuse Resistance Education (DARE) and Partnership for a Drug Free America have voiced concerns about hemp. Ralph Lochridge, a DEA special agent for 20 years, explained that as an enforcement agency, the DEA does not set policies; it merely enforces the laws the people of the United States determine for them.

The issue against hemp legalization is that the leaves and flowers of plants grown for commercial purposes will be used for illegal consumption. However, a strain of hemp can be genetically produced in which there are only traces of the main psychoactive (delta-9-tetrahydrocannibinol)—but not nearly enough to get "high."

"Basically, what you'd be growing is what is known as 'ditch weed,'" said Jeff Larson, hemp advocate. "You wouldn't want to smoke it anyway because it wouldn't get you high."

Either way, the controversy rages on. Champions of hemp legalization continue to butt heads with agencies concerned with drug abuse. As long as hemp's bad name eclipses its obvious benefits, it will remain just a potential resource.

Recycling by the Numbers

by
Bridget Rivezzo

With environmental awareness at an all-time high, consumers today face a barrage of "Earth-friendly" products. Manufacturers have jumped on the green band wagon, promoting more than 20,000 products as environmentally beneficial. Unfortunately, along with these products comes advertising and labeling jargon which is often misleading and difficult to decipher.

Many plastic bottles display the recycle triangle symbol with a number from one through seven. These numbers let consumers know what type of plastic bottle they have and if recycling centers will accept them.

Number One plastics are most commonly used for beverage containers, boil-in food pouches and processed meat packages.

Number Two plastics are used for milk, drinking water, detergent, common household cleaner and motor oil bottles.

Number Three plastics are used for food wrap, vegetable oil and some household cleaner bottles, and some body lotion containers.

Shrink-wrap, garment bags, some plastic bags, and the plastic wrap around CARE toilet tissue are Number Four plastics.

Examples of Number Five plastics are margarine and yogurt containers and container caps.

Number Six plastics are used for disposable silverware and polystyrene containers, such as egg cartons and fast-food trays.

Multi-resin containers are Number Seven plastics.

Out of seven Long Beach area recycling centers, only Good Earth Recycling and California State University, Long Beach Recycling Center recycle up to Number Two plastics. According to Bill Chakos, supervisor of the CSULB Recycling Center, recycling Number Two plastics is not as cost efficient as recycling Number One plastics. By the time a recycling center pays for recycling, bailing and transporting, the profits are minimal, Chakos said. The other five centers and most grocery store parking lot recycling centers take only California redemption containers, which are Number One plastics.

California redemption is given for beer, soda and wine cooler containers. At the time of purchase the consumer is charged two cents. When the containers are recycled, two cents (or two containers for five cents) are returned, which equals approximately $600 a ton.

In an attempt to help consumers sift through

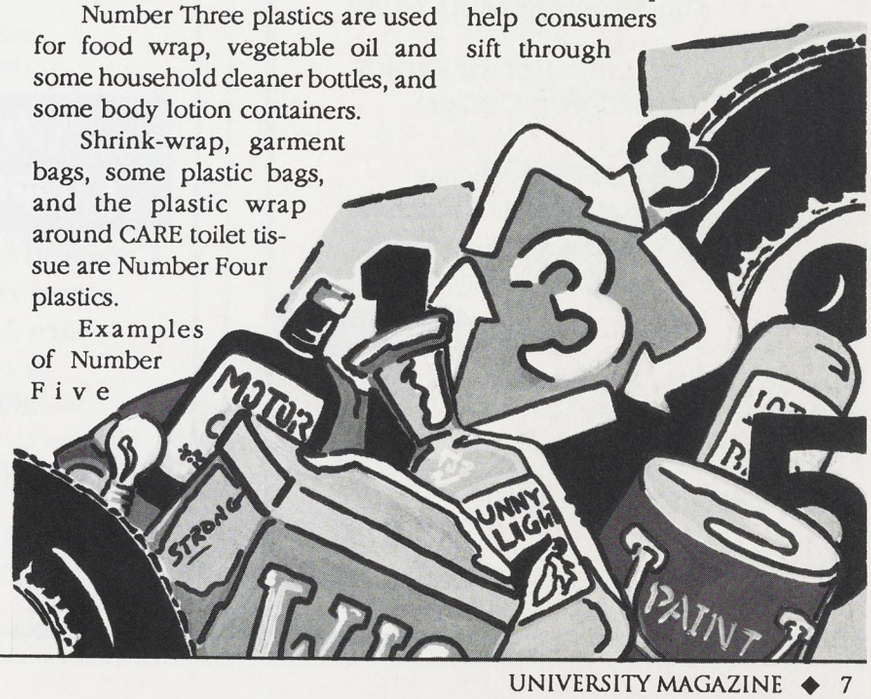


Illustration by Sara Strong

labeling lingo, California legislators introduced environmental advertising guidelines in Assembly Bill 3994. New York and Rhode Island have also enacted environmental labeling legislation; however, unlike California, violation of their laws is not considered a criminal offense.

Assembly Bill 3994 establishes guidelines for manufacturers who advertise a consumer product as unharmful or beneficial to the environment. According to Bill 3994, manufacturers must maintain records of why they believe their product is environmentally safe. The documentation must be furnished upon request to any person, including consumers.

California Assemblyman Byron D. Sher (District 21) attempted to strengthen Bill 3994 last year with Assembly Bill 144, which made definitions of commonly used environmental buzz words, such as "biodegradable," "photodegradable" and "recyclable," more specific. Currently, Bill 3994 states that in order to say a product is recyclable, the product can be "conveniently recycled" in counties with populations over 300,000. Assembly Bill 144 took out the vague words "conveniently recycled" and replaced them with "redeemed or returned at a permanent recycling location within five miles of the point of purchase."

Considered too stringent, Bill 144 was killed by the Senate Business and Professions Committee, according to Kip Lipper, chief consultant to the Assembly of Natural Resource Committee. "A company can cheat under current law, so they [the Senate Business and Professions Committee] voted to keep it," Lipper said.

The consumer is the primary enforcer under Bill 3994. Prosecution of manufacturers can be pursued by either the consumer or, if the consumer brings it to their attention, the state attorney general's office. According to Lipper, there has never been an action brought under the current laws.

A coalition of trade organizations, however, brought a lawsuit against California because of its environmental advertising legislation. One of the companies involved in the coalition is Procter and Gamble (P&G). To avoid possible problems with California environmental laws, they recently pulled frames from a Sunny Delight juice commercial because it showed children putting empty containers in a bin marked "recycle." The Sunny Delight container is recyclable, but the facilities necessary to recycle this material are

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not available in all markets. Kelly Lewis, spokeswoman for P&G, said the company has also changed wording on packaging to meet current California law.

It is difficult for a company to meet green requirements if every state has a different set of guidelines, claims Nancy Moucha, an account executive for Dorf and Stanton, a public relations firm responsible for creating pro-environmental images. Many companies believe that complying with individual state legislation will make it difficult for them to manufacture and market their products as "environmentally beneficial."

Christopher Karlisle, Assemblyman Sher's legislative aide, does not believe that meeting the glut of state guidelines causes manufacturers undue hardship. A company can usually meet the requirements of its largest market because it usually has the most stringent laws, he said.

Foreseeing difficulties with individual state guidelines, the Food, Soap, and Detergent Organization, along with several other groups, formed an industrial coalition that petitioned the Federal Trade Commission (FTC) for approval of their guidelines as the nationwide standard. A year has passed since the FTC was petitioned, but a decision on whether to issue nationwide standards has not been published and there is no deadline to do so.

Meanwhile, third party, nonprofit organizations have devised their own guidelines. Green Seal's guidelines deal with face and bathroom tissue and refined motor oil. They plan to eventually test house paint, light bulbs, water saving devices and laundry cleaners. Testing of products by Green Seal, however, will only be performed on a voluntary basis. They will determine the environmental impact of a product, including the effects of packaging and use.

Unfortunately, environmentally concerned consumers will not have the Green Seal of approval to go by when dropping products into their shopping carts. Lever Brothers Co., P&G and many other manufacturers are not supporters of third party nonprofit organizations entering the environmental guideline arena, and say they will wait to see how the government defines "environmentally friendly" before making any permanent changes.

In the meantime, for the California consumer turning green, shopping is not an easy task. So, until legislation passes, look out for Number One.

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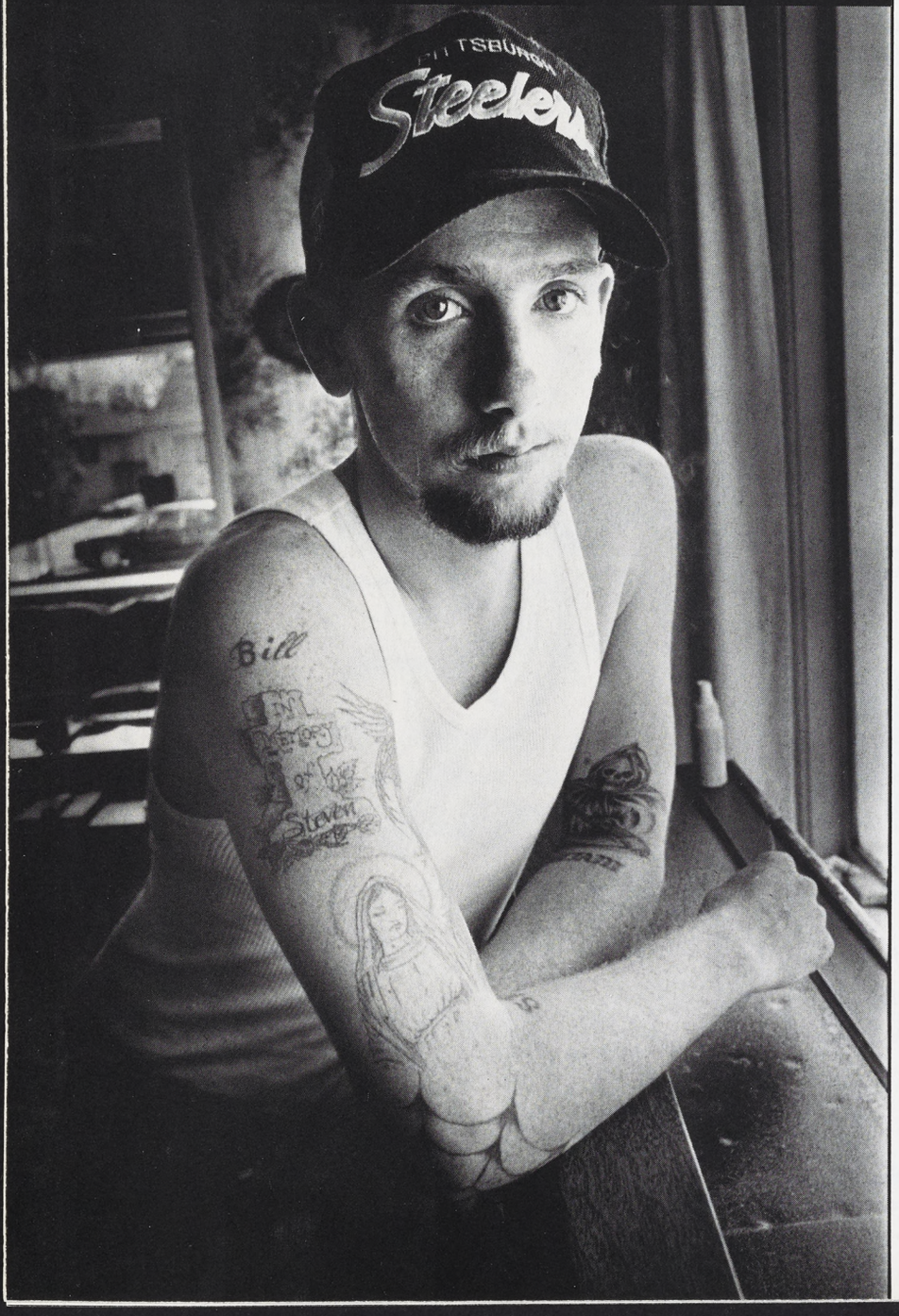


The Emergence of

Outside a small house near 11th and Magnolia in Long Beach, six teenage males dressed down in baggy Dickies and Pittsburgh Pirates' jackets kick back, drink beer and talk. Some wear hats emblazoned with the logo "PL" for Playa Larga, a local Mexican gang with roughly 48 members. In the line of dark, glistening eyes and tan faces, a pair of blue eyes stick out of the crowd. As the young man cracks a smile, the freckles on his cheeks crinkle. They call him Casper, but his real name is Billy and he is a white gangster.

Billy, 21, does not live in downtown Long Beach. He was raised in a predominantly Caucasian, middle-class neighborhood on the opposite side of town from his fellow gangsters. For the six years he has been active in Playa Larga, he has gone back and forth from the world of white picket fences and Volvos to the violent scene of gangbanging.

A few blocks away from Billy's suburban home, Jeff, 14, (not his real name) sits on the porch of his parent's two-story, $350,000 home smoking a cigarette and talking about his days as a gangster. He has been out of Sons of Samoa (SOS), the major Samoan gang in Southern California, for nine months. Like Billy, Jeff is white.

Billy and Jeff may seem like anomalies, but they are part of the growing number of white,middle-class gang members in the Long Beach area. The stereotypical image of the African-American or Latino gangbanger confined to the inner-city grows more and more inaccurate every day.

A vast majority of Long Beach's 70 known gangs are based downtown and self-segregated by race. And the gangs' memberships are growing. Gerry Riposa, professor of political science at California State University, Long Beach, has studied Long Beach gangs over the past few

...e of the Bourgeois Gangster

by Rebecca Thompson
photos by Tony Rivetti

years. According to Riposa, there were 1,000 Long Beach gang members in 1980—today there are more than 12,000. This exponential growth has increased both their influence on surrounding communities and their membership. The influx of downtown gang members into suburban schools offered more opportunity for attracting new members.

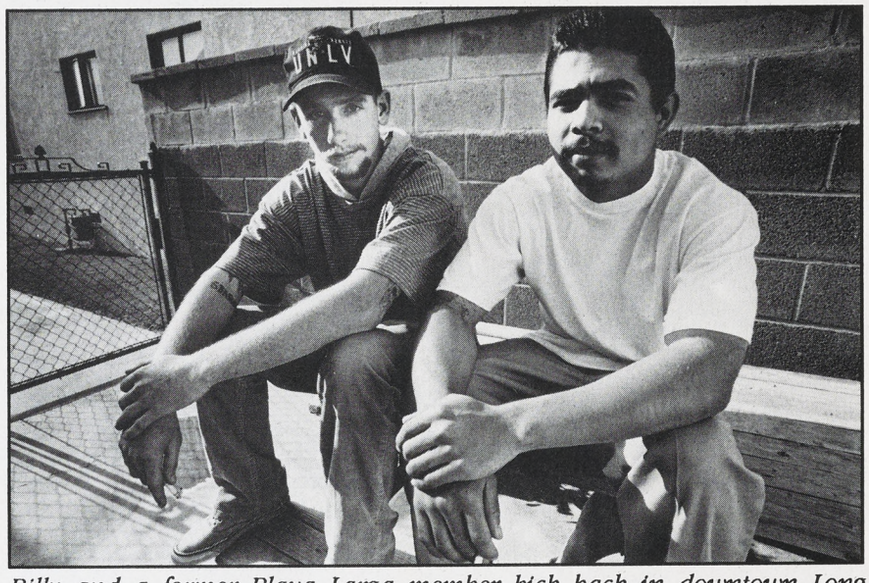
A few years ago the term white gangster was an oxymoron, but exposure of gang activities to mass society has made them a reality. In previous generations, gangs were mentioned only in sporadic news reports; however, the 1980s saw heavy increase of cocaine usage and the virtual takeover of this industry by inner-city gangs. This, combined with the "Just Say No" movement and the media's ever-growing coverage of gang activities, made gangs symbols of the inner-city and a common topic in everyday life.

Through MTV and the emergence of rap's popularity, images of self-professed hard-core gangsters like Ice-T and Eazy-E were repeatedly thrust into suburban homes filled with teenagers glued to the screen. Awe and curiosity shifted to acceptance and idolization when white rappers like Marky Mark and Vanilla Ice hit the music scene in the early 1990s. Vanilla Ice, the epitome of the Wanna-be Gangster Whiteboy (or WGW), surrounded himself with African-American males dressed in gang attire while at the same time denying his middle-class upbringing. For teenagers like Billy and Jeff, team jackets and baggy jeans became the clothing of choice.

"Gangsterism is vogue," said Detective Rich Calzada, Los Angeles Sheriff's Department. "Lots of people see the glamorous side of it."

"I joined for the excitement. It's like living on the edge 'cause you're always watching your back," Billy said. "You don't know if someone's going to come up and sock you. It's exciting, like when you're a little kid you do stuff just to see if your mom will catch you. That's how it is. But now it's not your mom, it's the law."

Billy started hanging out with gangbangers through friends at school when he was 15, right after his parents got divorced. The gang soon became a substitute family. "My parents had their own little problems. I could never talk to them because they were always depressed—you can't talk to someone who's depressed. That's when I started kickin' back more and more," Billy said.



Billy and a former Playa Larga member kick back in downtown Long Beach, close to Billy's middle-class home, but far away from his culture.

"My neighborhood was always there. They would always listen to me. It doesn't matter if they're Mexican and I'm white," he continued. "They'd listen to my problems and I'd listen to theirs. They liked me for who I was."

Billy, unlike most gang memebers, graduated from high school, dressing normal while attending classes to avoid being labeled a gang member. Even when he told his mother he was in a gang, she did not believe him for years, mainly because he is white.

Sharon, Billy's mother, sits at a small polished table in the middle of her perfectly coordinated kitchen, trying to explain why she did not realize Billy was in a gang until three years after he had joined. "He'd tell me he was in a gang, and I'd tell him, 'No you're not, you're white.' I didn't really start to believe him until he'd tell me about the shootings, and I'd wonder what are these kids doing with guns? Maybe it's just being a mother...I didn't want to believe."

It is easy to understand this disbelief when talking to Billy. When he smiles, his face lights up with the delight of a three-year-old who has just stolen a cookie out of the cookie jar. Innocence and mischief blend so perfectly that it is hard to decide whether to hug him or scold him—a curious reaction to someone who belonged to such a violent sub-culture.

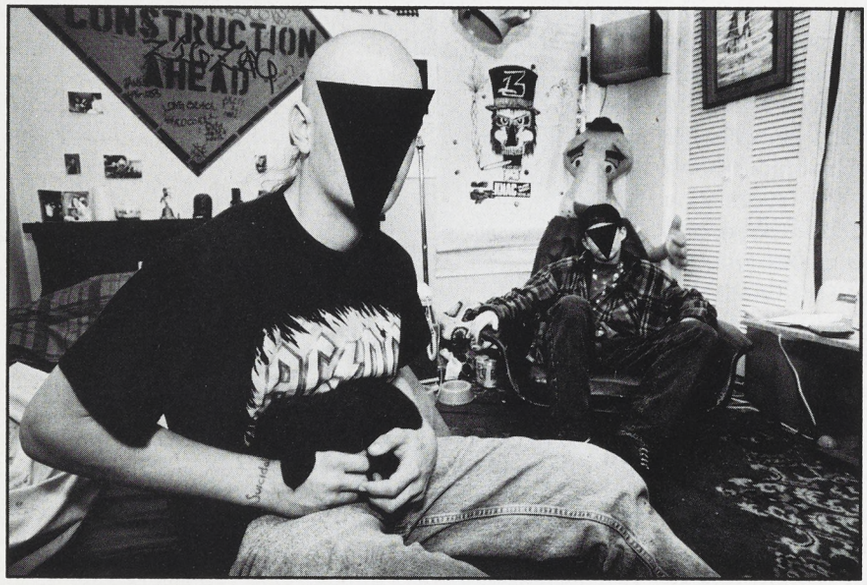
Billy said he gets mixed reactions as a white gangster. "Around my house, they get scared," he said. "Lots of people just say 'white trash.' Sometimes when I just walk down the street I see old men or ladies look at me and they just put their head down. They won't even bother looking twice at me."

But it is definitely a different

situation downtown. "In my eyes [and] in lots of people's eyes," Billy said, "to be a white gangster, you have to have a real big heart," meaning a willingness to fight for the gang. "People from there...they'll come up to me and say, 'You're white. You ain't supposed to be here.' So I'm always fighting for respect. That's why people respect me. You earn your respect."

However, Billy's attitude toward other white gang members has changed. "When I was younger, it mattered a lot 'cause I would say they're trying to be like me...so I'm going to have to show them what's up," said Billy. "Now, I look at them and I'm like, that's cool, there's another one of me out there. That's my brother."

Since joining Playa Larga at the age of 15, Billy has witnessed many of his fellow gang members die. He has been trying to gradually leave the gang for the past two years because he is worried about his safety and that of his family. But he finds it hard to leave because he is still loyal to his friends.



Jeff shows off his new pit bull puppy to a Long Beach Hard Core member.

"I'm trying to fade out," Billy said, "but I'm always going to be there. I'll never get scared. If anyone comes up to me and asks where I'm from I'll tell them my neighborhood. I'll never rank out."

For Jeff, joining Sons of Samoa at the age of12 was more of a fluke than a conscious decision. "Me and my friend were kickin' back drinking and his friends came by," Jeff recounted. " They said, 'Hey, let's jump you in.' At first I said, 'Nah,' but then I said, 'Fuck it.'"

SOS Suicidals, the division of Sons of Samoa Jeff belonged to, is specifically for non-Samoan members. In SOS, Jeff says he spray painted graffiti, dealt drugs and robbed liquor stores until, at age 13, he was arrested for robbing an AM/PM minimarket. He stayed in juvenile hall for less than a month and then went back to his former friends and left SOS behind. His old gang members are now out to kill him.

"I got into it for the excitement, for the name," Jeff said. "I was down for it, but I wasn't hard-core. I wasn't getting along at all with my parents."

He now attends a continuation school for two hours a day (except Fridays) and spends his free time with his friends from Long Beach Hard Core, acknowledged by the Long Beach Police Department as a punker/skinhead gang, but described by Jeff and his friends as a group of people who like to hang out.

Jeff drinks and smokes marijuana daily. According to him, his parents know of his habits and basically let him do whatever he wants. "They think I've improved a lot," Jeff said. "I get along with them now. I don't really talk back to my mom that much anymore. They're a lot easier on me."

Nine months after leaving SOS, Jeff looks nothing like the gangster he once was. Instead of sagging jeans, he wears cutoff Dickies. His head is shaved to the skin except for a small tail in the back that winds down his neck. The 14-hole Dr. Martens on his feet are laced tight, perfectly fitting with his image as a member of Long Beach Hard Core. The only sign of his past membership with SOS are the tattoos on his hands and arms, which he plans on covering with other tattoos.

Jeff and his friends sit on a mattress in the corner of Jeff's room, playing with a black pit bull puppy. On top of the bookshelf behind them, a glut of empty alcohol bottles wobble to the thrash punk emanating from the stereo. The walls are covered with Long Beach Hard Core graffiti written on stolen street signs. His girlfriend's brassiere hangs from the middle of the ceiling.

One of Jeff's friends, who does not want his name mentioned, started hanging around the West Side Islanders, a Long Beach Filipino gang, when he was nine years old. He was the only white member. Three years ago, at the age of 11, he said he bashed in a woman's head with a brick to steal her purse. He is on probation now for hitting someone with a metal pipe.

Jeff sees many peers his age joining gangs. "The ones in my neighborhood start their own gangs, like from Lakewood High School—Spur Posse. [They're] a bunch of wanna-be black people."

"Gangs are willing to die for their neighborhood or they're willing to die for colors. That's all material," Jeff explained.. "I wouldn't be willing to die for a neighborhood or a color, but I would be willing to die for a friend."

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YOU'RE YOUNG, YOU'VE GOT YOUR HEALTH, WHAT DO YOU NEED A FUTURE FOR?

BY STEPHANIE FRANCIS CAHILL

They sit around the apartment living room with a few essentials serving as props for their feet. A faded brown-velour couch looks like something from a late 1970s Sears & Roebuck catalogue, and a nice, yet dusty, wooden coffee table supports a glass top imprinted with white rings—a tell-tale sign of absent coasters. A few empty beer cans, a pizza box that last night held a Supreme with extra pepperoni and a pair of retro sunglasses sit on top of the coffee table.

The furniture looks like hand-me-downs from their parents and, in fact, it is. Now it belongs to those born in the late 1960s, weaned on 1970s television sitcoms and reared with new parenting ideals that did not include dated theories like "spare the rod, spoil the child," or "haste makes waste."

This new breeding answers to the nickname the "Twenty-Something Generation," or the even more hip "Generation X" (Xers for short). Canadian author Douglas Coupland, 30, christened this age group Generation X in his book of the same name. Coupland, who said he does not want to be a spokesman for the group, never uses the term "we" when referring to Xers because he says Generation X is a very individualistic group.

He originally planned to write a handbook for the Twenty-Something Generation, but decided that was too pretentious. So he switched to a book of connected fictional short stories revolving around the characters Dag, Andy and Claire, all living in Palm Springs, in their twenties and holding menial jobs. The threesome, like many of their real-life counterparts, come from middle-class, sometimes single-parent families and they embrace adulthood slower than their predecessors. Fictional characters Dag, Andy and Claire attended college, but none of them graduated. The norm for most Xers that do graduate is longer than the traditional four years.

John and Joe Relich, brothers ages 24 and 26 respectively, live together in a two-bedroom apartment and attend California State University, Long Beach full-time. John and Joe started their academic careers at Golden West College following high school and they both stayed until they were 21. The brothers gave many reasons why they stayed at Golden West for three years instead of the prescribed two. "I didn't know what the hell I was doing," said John, who will receive his bachelor's degree in psychology this May. "I'd just go to school and drop classes. I had no direction."

"I'd take 12 units [at the beginning of the semester], but then I'd end up dropping a lot," said Joe, now a senior in the CSULB engineering department. Joe added he did not want to start college right after high school, but that in order to live at home his parents required their children to attend school full-time.

Twenty-three-year-old Ron Joy works part-time jobs as a waiter and a construction worker. He has attended Orange Coast College (OCC) on and off for the past five years. He explained he originally started OCC at 18, but was not ready for college. "I think people just rush into things," said Ron, who remembers accompanying his hippy parents to communes in upstate New York. "I'm in no hurry," he answered when asked about his future. "I've got 60 years to live and I'm going to enjoy every one of them, regardless of whether I'm rich or poor."

Sandy Webb, 28, works part-time at a Long Beach Montessori school and part-time at a public grade school in west Long Beach. Sandy attended CSULB for nine years, switching majors so many times she has forgotten how many she claimed. Now Sandy's goal is to obtain a teaching credential. But that is in doubt, because she still must convince the CSULB Admissions Office she has enough credits to graduate.

Even while pursuing her degree, Sandy expressed mixed feelings about the effort that must be put into the endeavor. She spoke of a time she visited Disneyland and saw an alumna wearing a polyester white uniform and sweeping the floors. "I thought, I'm working this hard to graduate, and is that all that is out there?"

According to Dr. Dave Peck, a CSULB English and American studies professor, Xers' parents sometimes overcompensate because they want to give their children all the things they did not have while growing up. "Parents who were born in trying economic times have somehow passed on the pressure by overindulging," he explained.

While Coupland vehemently dismissed this idea, Joe agreed with the overcompensating parents theory. One reason it will take Joe and John 5 to 6 years to get their bachelor's degrees has to do with the way their parents raised them. The youngest of eight children, the brothers grew up in a time when their parents had gained financial success. "When we were growing up, basically everything was coming together. The economy was going up, everything

Illustration by Joe Cepeda

CEPEDA

was great," Joe explained, "the kids didn't have the pressures our parents did. We played around a lot. I think it's important to live life before you get serious."

Many Xers express anger about having less chance to succeed. Some blame the baby boomers, the group which evolved into yuppies, for the current recession, the lack of jobs and other bitter fruit of the "Reagan Years."

Coupland's term "bleeding ponytail" describes post-hippie yuppies pining for "pre-sellout days." Major workplace problems sometimes occur when baby boomers supervise Generation X members. According to Coupland, yuppies have superior attitudes stemming from their respectable positions—positions which they really did not work for. "Part of the awful thing about yuppies is they are so dreadfully smug," Coupland said. "The ironic twist about yuppies is they really don't exist anymore."

Generation Xer John agrees. "They can look back and think about their 'free-love' days or what not," he said with slight sarcasm. "I think it's worthless. You can never go back, it will always be different."

Because baby boomers make up such a disproportionate amount of the general population, every following generation has grown up hearing all about them...their political actions, their communal living experiences, or the time they saw Janis Joplin at the Whiskey. Some Xers are ready to hear about something else.

Bob Anwyl is a 27-year-old who dropped out of Pitzer College in Claremont a semester before he was scheduled to graduate. Now Bob works full-time at Kinko's Copy Center as a production supervisor and part-time as an ad copy writer for a Long Beach public relations firm. "I think in a way we're in a dead-end—probably because we've recycled so much nostalgia you can't break out of it," Bob explained. "It's shoved down our throats. Look at '60s rock, you can't get away from it anytime you turn on the radio or the TV."

According to Coupland, bleeding ponytails like to reminisce about their early political involvement, be it the time student supporters helped Tom Hayden shut down the CSULB library, or the time they wrote for an underground newspaper.

While some bleeding ponytails accuse Xers of political unawareness, Coupland feels X members do show their political beliefs, but in different ways. "Xers assume that change starts with change. They don't trust charismatic leaders, nor should they," Coupland said about the cynicism Twenty-Somethings feel towards politicians and politics. "Rather than going out and painting a daisy on their cheeks and carrying a plaque, they do something about it."

Denise Barry, 25, will receive her master's degree in theatrical costume design from the University of Southern California this spring. She agreed with Coupland, saying she was much more likely to donate her time to a cause she supported than participate in a full-on protest. "I don't see what good standing around and doing a lot of shouting does," she said.

Xers who wear tie-dyed clothes, are into vegetarianism and sometimes mild recreational drugs, and think the 1960s hippy movement was a great time, are described by Coupland as "earth-tones."

Fitting the earth-tone category, Ron considers the 1960s "a renaissance movement" and considers Jim Morrison one of the greatest singers and thinkers ever. A tattoo of an Indian on Ron's upper arm attests to his interest in Native Americans and mysticism, an idea heavily promoted throughout the 1960s which resurfaced during the late 1980s.

Coupland sees "cultural recycling," the idea that past cultures seem better than the present, as a symptom of yuppie overdose. "The big difference between Xers and boomers is, until recently, they've [Xers] been brainwashed to think they don't have a culture," he said, saying some baby boomers expect Generation X members to want to join yuppie culture. "A lot of self-

image is part of identification with a large population group."

Joe acknowledges the term cultural recycling, but had a different explanation about why it existed. "I think we've run out of imagination," he said. "Our parents did everything for us, so we didn't have to come up with new things."

Coupland has coined another term: "Safety net-ism: The belief that there will always be a financial and emotional safety net to buffer life's hurts." This net, according to Coupland, most often refers to parents. When asked about safety nets, John and Joe both laughed. Their

parents pay their rent, tuition and necessities. "Even when I'm really broke it's hard not to go to my mom because I know she'll give it to me," John explained. "You know it's there."

Ron, who lived with his mother until she married and moved out of state, also joked about safety net-ism. "I mean hey, they owe me," he said, "They're my parents." He is just one example of a Twenty-Something living at home past legal adulthood.

When Bob dropped out of Pitzer College, he moved back in with his mother in Huntington Beach. Many Xers, like Bob, move back into their parents' homes. The media coined the name "boomerangers" to describe this group.

Bob sees living at home as a give-and-take situation. His mother, is older than the majority of Generation X parents and needs someone to help take care of the house. "However," he said, "I am sort of a burden in terms of living there so long and taking so long to decide what I want to do with my life."

Bob is typical. Xers return home, especially in Southern California, unable to support themselves if they make less than $30,000 a year.

Dr. Susan McMahon, a CSULB women's studies professor, remembers moving to California in the early 1970s and renting a small house for $75 a month. With student loans, grants and a part-time job she could attend school full-time and still support herself and her child.

She says many of her students now must work full-time to support themselves. "Not only is it more difficult to get an education, there is also an uncertain future," she said, seeing long-term implications in the economy's downturn. "People's futures are less certain, [and students] don't seem as hopeful." She described her era, the 1960s, as one of possibility. "We felt we would always be able to take care of ourselves," she said.

Many Generation X members endure what Coupland calls "McJobs." McJobs require little effort, have low pay and no room for advancement. John works part-time at Knott's Berry Farm's Jam and Jelly Shop, describing his work as "lame-assed." "I'm just a basic stock person," he said.

Bob admitted he has held many McJobs. "We [Xers] work a while, do something else, and we're not bothered by it," Bob said. "We live off the money, quit our jobs, go hang out a while. For me it's totally natural."

When Denise receives her master's degree, she plans to continue her part-time job in accounts receivable at a print shop in order to pay the bills. Eventually, Denise wants to obtain her doctorate in costume design and work as a museum curator. She worried about supporting herself after getting her bachelor's degree and took a McJob as a secretary for one year and also did some free-lance design work on the side. She hated her McJob so much she decided to go back to school and get her master's.

Television also influences the Twenty-Something Generation. According to a 1989 *Connoisseur* magazine poll, children view 18,000 television murders and 350,000 commercials by age 16. "Kids who grew up with images of total family harmony [on television] came from homes that may not have had that," Peck said. "The problem was the gap between reality and fantasy kept growing."

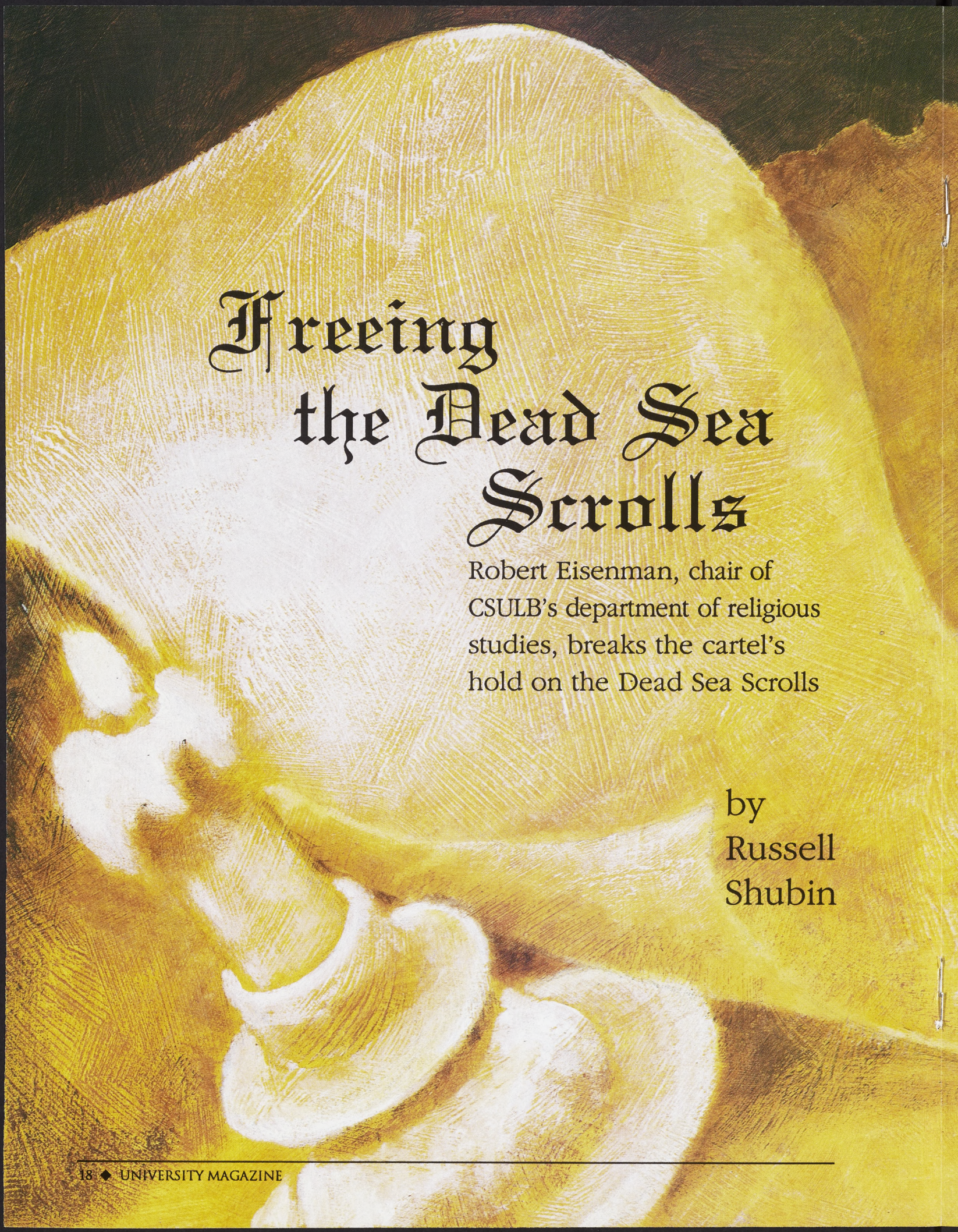
Sandy, who remembered watching "Little House on the Prairie" during the 1970s, agreed. "Our family seemed like a normal family, but you see these supportive families on TV, so you figure, well, 'these kids aren't having a hard time, but I'm having a hard time, so what's the deal? It must be all my fault,'" she said.

"I get really mad at TV these days," she continued, "especially Bart Simpson and 'Married with Children.' [They convey] the message that all women are sluts and that men's basic drive in life is to fuck them and they can't control that. I don't know of anybody personally who buys into that, but the general populace does. If the general populace can buy into Reagan and Bush, they can buy into Bart Simpson and 'Married with Children' easily."

Most Generation X members, described by Coupland as a group knowing every episode of the "Brady Bunch" like a secret handshake, do not feel apologetic for their lifestyle or their slow economic progress.

"I don't think they should call it slower," Ron said. "I think they should call it more cautious." He points to those who did everything society expected of them at the prescribed time and are unhappy with their lives. "I don't see any great things our parents or our government have done in their rush."

Illustration by Joe Cepeda



Freeing the Dead Sea Scrolls

Robert Eisenman, chair of CSULB's department of religious studies, breaks the cartel's hold on the Dead Sea Scrolls

by Russell Shubin

The mid-September sun burned the back of the nomadic Bedouin tribesman. Mohammed the Wolf gazed up the arid cliffs as his sheep ambled along the Dead Sea's western shore, 16 miles outside of Jerusalem. Noticing one gone astray, he scrambled up the cliff. A small, hollow opening caught his attention and he moved closer to take a look. Tossing a stone inside the mysterious cave, he heard the shattering of pottery.

When Mohammed the Wolf entered the darkened cave, legend has it he found seven tightly wound, dark animal-skin scrolls sealed and stored in tall clay jars.

The Dead Sea Scrolls had been found, in the Qumran region, an area stretching roughly 20 miles along the Dead Sea's northwestern shore, in what was then Jordanian territory. More than 2,000 years old, the Scrolls are nearly a millennium older than any previously discovered biblical manuscripts. They contain a wealth of material from the Hebrew Bible (the Christian Old Testament). William Albright, of the William F. Albright Institute of Archaeological Research in Jerusalem, called the Dead Sea Scrolls "the greatest manuscript discovery of modern times."

But the initial excitement over the Scrolls' 1947 discovery quickly faded as access was severely restricted. The Scrolls fell under joint control of the Israeli government and a small group of Jordanian-appointed international scholars who have earned themselves the pejorative label of "the cartel." Originally composed of eight men—six Catholics, one Protestant, and one agnostic—they have been lambasted for their snail-pace scholarship and the obvious absence of Jews on the team.

From 1947 until the mid-1980s, the cartel had exclusive Scroll access in what Dr. Geza Vermes, biblical scholar at England's Oxford University, called "the academic scandal par excellence of the 20th century." The cartel received harsh criticism for its exclusive treatment of the Scrolls and has been accused of everything from deliberately slow progress to what amounts to a conspiracy theory: That the Vatican has deliberately shielded access in order to prevent revelations offenisve to orthodoxy. Content, access and interpretation remain matters of heated debate.

Today, however, the Dead Sea Scrolls have received exposure unheard of since their initial discoveries. In

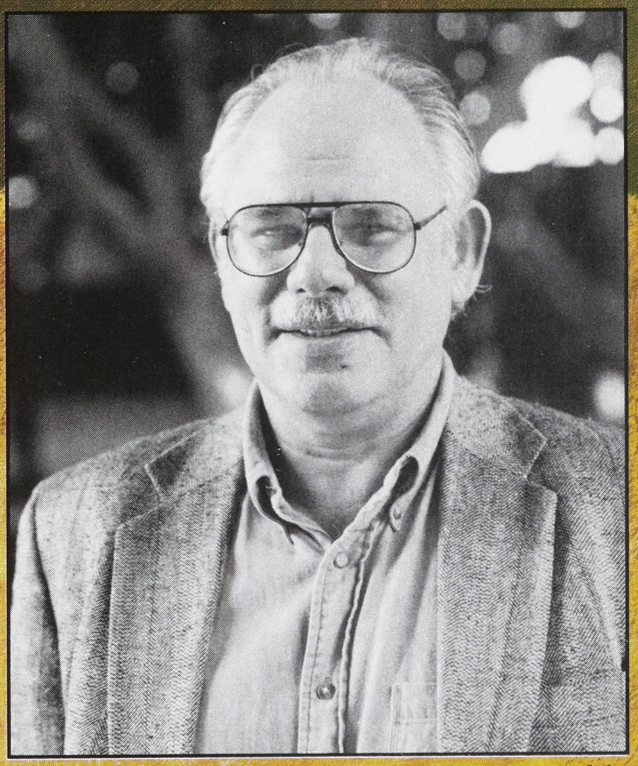


Photo by Sean McDonald

CSULB's Robert H. Eisenman is considered one of the worlds leading authorities on the Dead Sea Scrolls.

November 1991, Robert H. Eisenman, 55, chair of the California State University, Long Beach religious studies department, professor of Middle Eastern religions and director of the Institute of Judeo-Christian Origins at CSULB, working with Claremont University's James K. Robinson, had published a two-volume book of the Scrolls, *The Facsimile Edition*. In preparation for two years, these 1,787 previously unpublished Scroll plates are now offered for purchase to the general public from Washington D.C.'s Biblical Archaeological Society. Two months earlier, William A. Moffett, director of the Huntington Library, had announced that the Huntington would go public with their own copy of the Scrolls, but that private library limits public access. The actions of Eisenman and the Huntington infuriated the Israeli government, religious leaders and the select few who had access and wanted to keep it to themselves; forty years of Scroll monopoly was ended.

Prior to Eisenman and Robinson's release of *The Facsimile Edition*, there were 1,200 photographic plates published. With the Facsimile's release the total exceeds 3,000. "By that calculation, there was over 50 percent remaining," Eisenman said.

Following the initial 1947 discovery, a mad scramble by the Bedouin for more of the valuable manuscripts made it difficult to record each new find and track the location of a number of the Scrolls. While some are believed lost, most made their

***Scrolls** continued on page 32*

Illustration by Jeff Preston

AEROSOL ARTISTS

Urban vandals or spray paint Picassos ?

by Tony Bell
photos by Reggie Hall

Graffiti is running amok.

City streets serve as a scoreboard for gang warfare as territory is won and lost. Cryptic logos appear and disappear. Everything from billboards to the Hollywood sign has been tagged. The city spends an estimated $150 million a year on beige and gray paint, high-tech paint removers and graffiti task forces. Judges sentence convicted vandals to hours of community renovation. New city laws require cleanup within 24 hours.

Behold the brave new world of aerosol art.

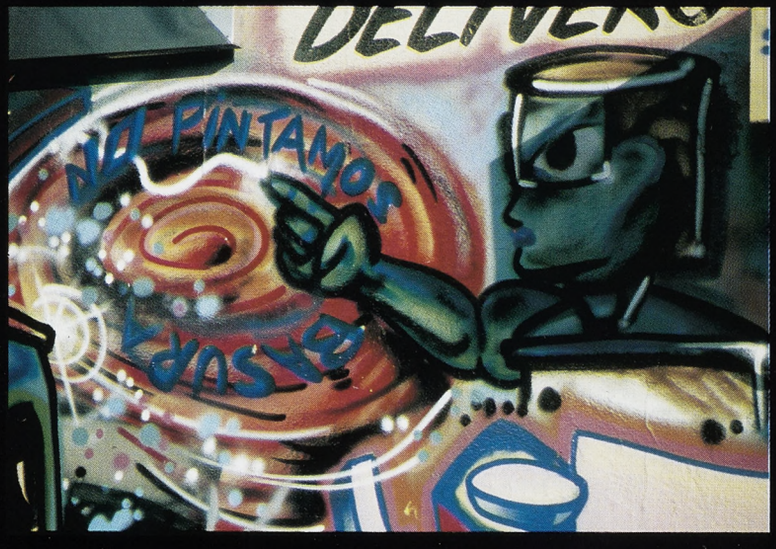
Apart from "standard" graffiti, aerosol art is not merely a casual expression; rather, it is a highly personal, complex form of art. Spray can artists use nozzles, which they constantly blow through to keep unclogged. Nozzles taken off household spray products are called "skinny tips" and provide a very thin stream of paint, best for outlining or

detailing. Ultra-wide nozzles, called "four fingers" or "soft balls," provide a thick stream of paint, allowing the artist to merge colors to create textures, new dimensions and feelings of motion.

The aerosol artist gives the letters a 3-D effect with color transitions, or "fades," and eerie backgrounds. The more talented embellish their lettering with borrowed cartoon and advertisement characters. Some graduate into

Spray can *continued on page 34*

"Spray can art is a lot like having sex...you only have one tool, but you can use it in so many different ways."



Opposite page: Peter Quezada, a veteran of aerosol art, known as "Captain Graffiti," has many of his works displayed along Figueroa Street in Highland Park.

This page: Art by "Playboy Eddie"covers a Los Angeles wall. The lack of graffiti "cover ups" indicates the piece has earned respect from spray can-wielding taggers.

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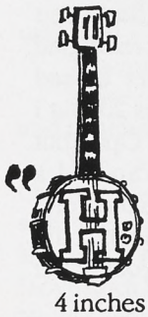
TEX AND THE TEXAS GENTLEMEN

FICTION BY ERIC WARREN



"Hey, you got a quarter so's I can get me a cup o' coffee?"

The man who approached us stood about 6 foot 4 inches with a head of hair that could only be described as a mane, red like a smoggy Southern California sunset, highlighted by an equally thick and fiery beard. The beard came together in locks and jutted out of his face like the serpentine hair of Medusa. His skin was red and weathered. Around his neck he wore a bandanna tucked into his shirt like Mr. Howell of "Gilligan's Island." His pants were blue bell-bottom jeans matched to a blue denim work shirt. Those cheap blue running shoes that you can get at K-Mart for five bucks covered his feet. On his right hand were tattooed the letters "TEX" and a strange looking mahogany banjo with electric guitar pickups dangled over his left shoulder. My girlfriend reached into her pocket and produced a quarter.

"Here. Take this. It's all I got."

"Thank you, young lady," the guy replied in a semi-slurred voice as he grabbed her hand and pressed it to his sea-anemonied face.

"My name is Tex. I paid $600 to learn how to be a gentleman in France."

"How long were you in France?"

"I ain't never been, but when I get there I'm sure as shit gonna be a gentleman. Where you kids hitchin' to?"

"Portland."

"Well, I'm just going to Mill Creek. But that's north, too. You make a sign. I'm gonna get me a cup o' coffee."

As he ran across the Coast Highway to the Honey-Bee Cafe of Klamath, California, my girlfriend Trixie and I started praying for a ride. "That guy was scary," said Trixie.

"He sure was. And what was up with that banjo?"

We had just hitchhiked 30 miles from Orrick on the coastal trail of the California Redwoods and Tex was the scariest wildlife we'd seen so far.

We were on our way to Portland, Oregon to visit my grandmother, and then to Olympia, Washington to see the International Underground Music Festival.

"I hope somebody picks us up soon," said Trixie.

"Jeez, me too. Can you imagine the horror of spending the next eight hours crammed in the back of a Celica with our 40-pound backpacks and Tex?"

Just then a huge red Peterbilt let out a low, bellowing hoooooonk, hoooooonk, slammed on the brakes and pulled over. The truck took a while to stop because it was loaded to the hilt with the ancient California Redwoods that college chancellors murder in the forests of Northern California. The truck reminded me of a huge open hearse, carrying the bodies of youths ruthlessly murdered and then displayed in a horrible funeral procession up the coast.

The truck pulled over and we ran to the passenger door. The red beast loomed over our heads and seemed to be painted with the devil's blood. Like Christine in the Stephen King movie, it had the same color and villainous tinted windows. The truck was almost too scary to enter, but became more seductive as I thought about Tex and the hour we had been waiting. So I looked into Trixie's scared eyes, turned toward the huge beast, and ascended the five-step ladder to the cab.

I opened the red door and looked into the cab. A man of about 60 gazed back at me. He looked a little like Harrison Ford might look as an older man. A Pall Mall cigarette swung from his slightly angled mouth. His deep-blue John Wayne eyes pierced me with that "Don't-Even-Try-It" look. A heavy 50 weight oil greased back his gray hair, allowing only a few strands to dangle in front of his slender face. A few days growth of white whiskers lined his jaw. "Where you kids headed?"

"Portland."

"Well, so are these logs. Get in."

On that note, Trixie hoisted up our packs and climbed aboard. The inside of the cab was a darker, metallic blood-red. Not fresh blood, but blood dried for a day or two until almost brown. The tack-board interior resembled the booths in Mel's Diner on the show "Alice." There was a black curtain behind us where I supposed the driver slept. I thought it might be a good place to store our packs, but when I reached over to draw back the curtain the driver grabbed my hand and in a nervous voice said, "Why don't you put them things up here on the engine cover?"

We were separated from him by a 5-foot space where the engine growled, and as I set the packs on the cover my eye caught a glimpse of an old clipboard hanging from the dash. On top of the clipboard was scratched the name Ed Fleury. The dash, crammed with unmarked switches and dials, looked like the cockpit of the Millennium Falcon. Ed Fleury threw some of those switches. Dials spun, the air brakes let out a steam

Illustration and Drawings by Curtis Broadway

engine hissss and we were off.

"Thanks for picking us up."

"No problem," he said, pulling a pack of Pall Malls from the pocket of his blue flannel. "You smoke?"

"No thanks," I answered. But he looked so damn cool sliding the cigarette in his mouth and lighting it with the silver Zippo lighter that I was tempted, even though I don't smoke.

Yep, he looked just like Han Solo. Only this intergalactic trucker seemed a little sad—maybe he missed his Chewbacca.

"My name is Norton and this is Trixie," I said. He just nodded and looked straight ahead with a stony stare.

"You pick up hitchhikers often?"

"Sometimes," he said.

We zoomed up Highway One at light speed, often barely missing the huge trees lining the road.

"You come pretty close to the trees," I said.

"Ya gotta if ya wanna survive."

"What do you mean?"

"Ya gotta drive fast and close, or those things'll reach out and trip up yer truck. You think those babies can't move...? **Bah**! They'll try and grab ya, all right. I seen more trucks turned over than an Alabama dog's got fleas in the summer. They reach out and grab ya, see. If'n yer not payin attention. **To revenge the death of their brothers! I been haulin' logs fer thirty years and I seen 'em, boy, I seen 'em!"**

Ed reached a boiling frenzy and we began to go faster and faster. Once we whizzed by a vacationing family, coming so close that I thought I saw the smallest child become airborne, whip into the air and hang onto his mother's arm like a flag holds onto a pole during a hurricane.

Needless to say, it was an exciting ride. Eight hours later, Ed dropped Trixie and I off at Pearl and Bud's Happy Shack Cafe in Portland.

Trixie and I waved goodbye to Ed and I called my grandma.

"Hello, grandma?"

"What?"

"Hello grandma. It's your grandson, Norton!"

"Who?"

"Norton, Emil's son!"

"Oh, hello Gary. How's the ranch?"

"Uh...fine! Listen, my girlfriend and I are in Portland. Can you pick us up? We'd love to visit with you."

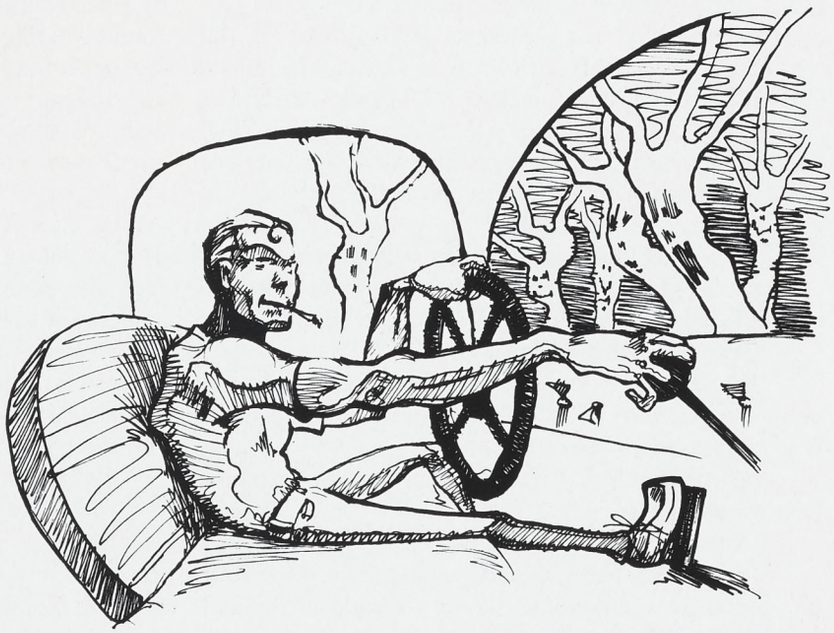
"I thought you were married."

After a while I got my grandmother to pick us up. She fed us a meal big enough to stuff Godzilla. During dinner I accidentally mentioned that we were hitchhiking to Olympia, Washington. On that note grandma automatically offered us her 1972 Plymouth station wagon for the rest of the trip.

After three days of hiking from Sacramento, braving Tex, near wrecks, dried milk and the '72 Plymouth, we were finally greeted by the infamous Hamms' bear.

The Olympia brewery is the first sight you see as you enter the quaint, small town of Oly. The town reminded me of Mayberry, and the first person I met looked identical to Opie. I found out later that he was 20, but I swear he looked 16. Yep, he looked just like Opie, but he was twice as nice. He wore a baseball cap and a yellow shirt with a brown crooked stripe across the front. He worked in front of the Capitol Theater where the bulk of the shows were to be held. We parked in front of the ticket booth and walked up to him.

"Hi. We'd like to pick up our reserved passes."



"Sure. What're yer names?"

"Trixie Muldowney and Norton Rayhall."

"My name's Chuck," he said, handing us our passes. "See you at the shows."

"Hey Chuck, you know someplace around here where we can camp?"

"Well, there's always Jim Smiley Campgrounds, but that place is a rip-off."

"I guess that'll have to do, we don't have any place else to go."

"Well, I suppose you guys could stay in my backyard. I'd offer my house but I've already got about 50 people staying there."

"Wow, thanks!" I said, watching Chuck write down

the directions to his house.

We went around the corner to Chuck's house, a huge brown Victorian with a lot of punks hanging out. We parked the Plymouth and walked to the door where we were greeted by a tall guy with blue-black hair.

"Welcome to the punk rock Woodstock," he told us.

"Thanks. Do you live here?"

"Yeah, my name's Dan."

"My name is Norton and this is Trixie. Chuck said it was cool if we set up our tent in your backyard."

"No problem, go for it."

So we popped our tent on the plush lawn in the back and headed for the first show.

We approached the Capitol Theater at about 11 and the show had already started. The marquee read "Love Rock Revolution Girl Style Now Night." We entered the old theater and were immediately bombarded by a wall of sound. I looked to the stage and saw a wild looking girl with lots of hair, contorting her face and singing. Halfway through the show, Trixie and I became as hungry as two ticks on a pig's ass, so we went back to the beautiful Hotel A La Tente and dozed after delving into the delicious dehydrated dirt we'd been eating all week. The next day we awoke to find ourselves and our tent being used as a substitute first base in a rousing game of whiffle ball.

"Good morning," said a girl with multi-colored dreadlocks. "Would you guys like to join us?"

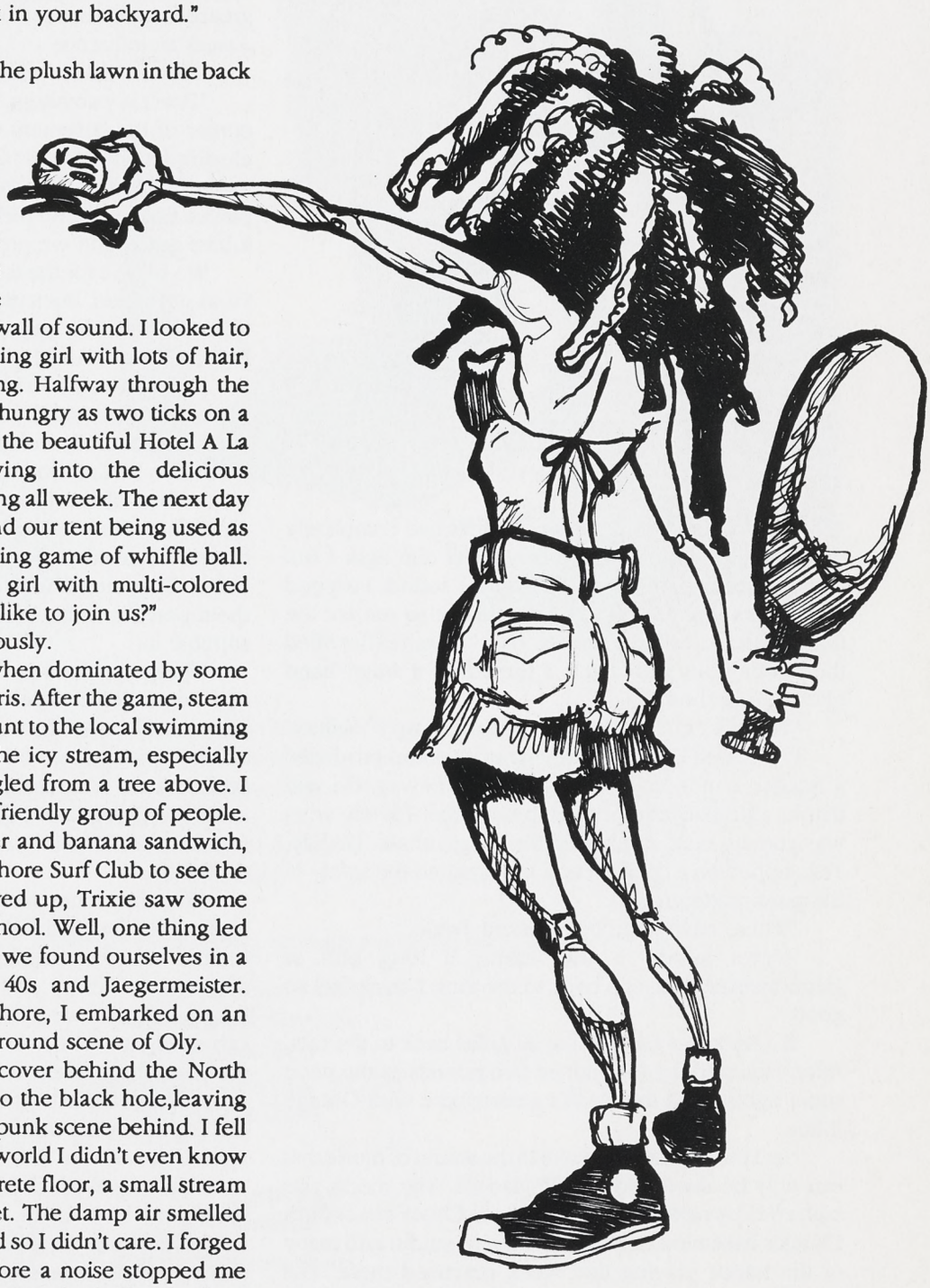
"Sure!" we said simultaneously.

The game was fun, even when dominated by some guy from Wisconsin named Chris. After the game, steam room-like humidity forced a jaunt to the local swimming hole. It felt good to jump in the icy stream, especially from the rope swing that dangled from a tree above. I have yet to experience such a friendly group of people.

After a quick peanut butter and banana sandwich, we headed over to the North Shore Surf Club to see the second show. When we showed up, Trixie saw some friends she knew from high school. Well, one thing led to another and all of a sudden we found ourselves in a train tunnel guzzling Ranier 40s and Jaegermeister. When we got back to North Shore, I embarked on an exploration of the real underground scene of Oly.

I pried open a manhole cover behind the North Shore and jumped feet first into the black hole,leaving the world of the underground punk scene behind. I fell about 10 feet into a deep dark world I didn't even know existed. I stood on a cold concrete floor, a small stream of water running under my feet. The damp air smelled like shit, but I was pretty wasted so I didn't care. I forged on. I took a few stumbles before a noise stopped me dead in my tracks. Something moaned, a bellyache from an unknown creature of immense proportions. Ooooaaaggaaama.... I couldn't see where the noise came from because the two-foot diameter manhole provided the only illumination. I continued to walk. Ooooaaaagggaaaammqa.... The noise got louder, and the liquid courage pushed me closer. **Ooooaaaggaaammaqaa....**

As I moved closer I grew more and more sober.



Now, directly above the noise, my fear had completely overcome my drunkenness. But in the dim light I still couldn't see the source of the horrible sound. I tripped over something and just as I was about to run for the safety of the so-called "underground," a flash of fire filled the sewer hole with light. I turned as a huge hand grabbed my shoulder.

"You got a quarter so's I can get me a cup o' coffee?"

It was Tex! I reached into my pocket and produced a quarter, handed it to Tex and backed away. He said thanks and reached out to grab my hand. I knew what was coming next so I bolted for the manhole. Luckily, Tex slipped on a dead rat and I escaped to the safety of the punk underground.

"Where have you been?" asked Trixie.

"Never mind," I said, taking a long pull of Jaegermeister. "Let's go back to the tent. I don't feel so good."

We walked what felt like 20 miles back to the tent. After each step my feet gained five pounds as the neon street lights filled the Earth's atmosphere with Orange Julius.

Next thing I knew I awoke to the sound of music that can only be described as hillbilladelic. The moon was high and I lay naked—on the lawn—in Chuck's backyard. Chuck's basement doubled as a music studio and many of the bands playing that week practiced there. The sound was so new and intriguing that I didn't even think twice about the cut of my jib. I only wanted to be involved in creating this new sound.

I stumbled down the stairs from the backyard to the basement, wearing only my birthday suit, violently swung open the door, lunged into the room and pronounced loudly, "I'm gonna play with you guys."

The music stopped. Were my eyes deceiving me? It couldn't possibly be true. I stood there, stark naked, staring directly into the eyes of Ed Fleury. He played a flawless drum solo on a set fashioned from hollow redwood tree stumps. His licks flailed faster than a greased mongoose and contained a very heavy Native American influence.

"How...what!" I was speechless.

"Don't say anything," said Ed. Just then from a dark corner of the basement emerged Tex. He plugged his electric banjo into a Marshall stack and went into an incredibly fast version of the dueling banjos—only he played both parts. Ed picked up the rhythm, I picked up a bass guitar and we proceeded to jam.

We played for the rest of the night before I realized I was still naked. But it didn't matter, I was now involved with what would turn out to be the biggest band in France. We call ourselves Tex and the Texas Gentlemen.

I guess Tex was hitchhiking and Ed picked him up somewhere around Wyoming. Well, they got to talkin' and found out they were both musically inclined. Ed had his drums behind that big black curtain, so they set up on the bed of the Peterbilt and preceded to jam. Tex remembered me telling him about the music festival so he and Ed decided that's where they should make their debut. They met Chuck and, nice guy that he is, he let them practice in his basement. I was lucky enough to stumble in.

We opened Saturday for Fugazi, L7, High Performance and Some Velvet Sidewalk. And, needless to say, we blew 'em all out of the water. I haven't put on my clothes since. Trixie understood my madness after she saw our performance and returned home without me. Tex, Ed and I left Olympia in Ed's truck and played every truck stop and AM/PM mini-market from the Pacific Northwest to Florida.

With the money we made on our American tour, we took off for France to fulfill Tex's dream. Getting Ed's rig to float was more frustratin' than watchin' a one-legged dog tryin' to bury shit on a frozen lake, so we sealed the cab air tight and drove across the ocean floor. When we finally got to France the natives flipped out. Especially the women, who went hog wild for Tex.

Anyhow, we hit it big over there and have been on the road ever since. So, if you ever make it to France, be sure not to miss the greatest act ever to cross the Atlantic in a Peterbilt—Tex and the Texas Gentlemen.

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CREATIVE ENERGY

THE Ghosting of the MINI-MALL

by Heather Dinsdale

The parking lot of the mini-mall, once bustling with customers craving convenience, now sits empty. No longer do store windows scream specials in hot neon paint, they simply read, "For Lease." For the mall owner and proprietors alike, the demise of the Southern California mini-mall is a very real problem.

Characterized by pink stucco walls and L-shaped architecture, the malls house an eclectic mixture of stores. Each seems to contain its own version of a frozen yogurt shop, fast-food restaurant or pizza delivery, dry cleaner and manicurist. Until recently, the mall defined the American public's demand for convenience. "It's nice to have the small-time stores," said Shelly Morris, loan officer for Great Western Savings. "But the little guys are having a tough time right now."

The mid-70s saw the arrival of the malls *en masse*. Developers purchased land from failing independent gas stations. Station owners felt battered and pressured by larger corporations anxious to snuff out the competition, and new state regulations demanded the stations remove underground tanks and sanitize

photo by Mark Birong

former gas station properties. So they sold off their choice corner locations to developers who realized they could buy into these parcels of land cheaply, and turn them into quick profits via the mini-malls. The properties, already zoned for commercial development, left new owners free from licensing and commercial use reviews by local governments. (The reviews, standard procedure for new businesses, routinely are conducted to make sure all safety and health regulations are being met.)

Retail stores provide vast amounts of revenue for the government, both at the local and state level, in the form of sales tax. Consequently, local governments offered lucrative tax breaks and tax shelters to developers, especially during the years of 1981 to 1986. The incentives, aimed at generating income for the government rather than meet the needs of the communities, resulted in the glut of mini-malls,eyesores now visable on virtually every street corner.

Banks and organizations such as the American Council of Life Insurers financed the developers. The malls appealed to loan officers wanting to cash in on the soaring market. They awarded loans to companies specializing in mall construction. It seemed a winning situation for all, with more than enough money to go around. But the ringing of the cash registers slowed as local governments did an about-face in the late 1980s.

Concerned with the seemingly endless overgrowth and the stark unattractiveness of the mini-malls, the City of Los Angeles incorporated new controls in 1986, and reformed them again in 1989. The new reforms demanded aesthetic modifications like landscaping and twice the number of parking spaces per square foot. Limited parking has always hampered the malls.

Dave Goodbrand, a frequent mini-mall patron, agreed parking poses a large problem. "I'll skip a place if there isn't enough parking," he said. In older malls, the dire shortage of parking spaces scares off prospective shopkeepers, the very people whose businesses are necessary to keep the mini-malls going.

However, the current sluggish economy has proven a far greater threat to the malls. "The national recession has hurt the small retailers. It is changing the retail business," said Dick Bentley, senior vice president and district manager of Grubb and Ellis Commercial Real Estate Services.

A growing trend is to try and sell off the malls as a whole unit in an attempt to recover lost revenue.

With less money being spent in the mini-malls, developers are finding it difficult to rent out retail business spaces. One developer even cut his rents in half, but still only has a 15 percent occupancy rate in his year-old complex.

Just cruising around Long Beach provides an insight into the crisis—in a mini-mall on Pacific Coast Highway, only three of 11 stores have been leased out. This is not atypical.

The empty stores are a sore point with developers, many of whom refused to comment on the situation or give interviews.

Money generated from rent is drying up, leaving developers scrambling to make their construction loan payments. "Landlords missing payments on the loans are having their property taken away by the banks," said Bentley. According to the American Council of Life Insurers, as stated in the *Los Angeles Times,* retail mortgage delinquencies have doubled, from 2.16 percent to 4.3 percent.

Loveday Enriquez, loan officer for Wells Fargo Bank, blames the recession for killing the mini-mall. "There has definitely been a decrease in business loans," she said. Banks have been far more cautious handing out loans, and applicants must first prove they have ability to make the payments via tax returns showing company earnings from the previous two years. "Quite a few businesses are finding they aren't qualified for loans because they haven't shown any profits," Enriquez continued.

Not even brand name franchise stores are the sure bets they once were. According to a *Los Angeles Times* article, Winchell's Donut House shops and the Southland Corporation, who franchise the 7-Eleven stores, have been steady losers in the last few years. "Franchises do better [than independent businesses], but being in the malls certainly doesn't ensure success," said Shelly Morris. "It is very tough for them to compete, or get exposure." Companies like

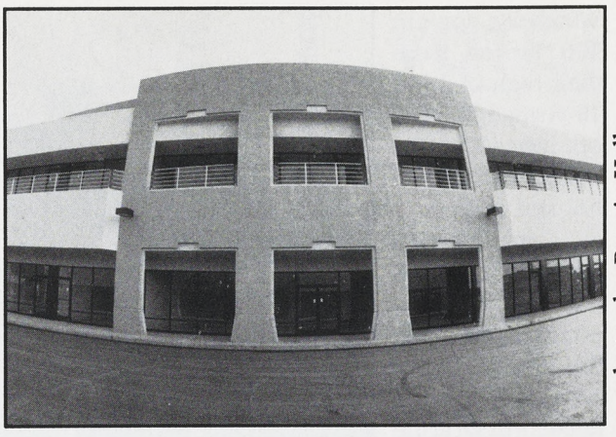

photo by Reggie Hall

left page: *This Long Beach mini-mall, on the corner of Redondo and PCH, typifies the current economic crisis.*
right page: *Mini-malls prosper along Bolsa Avenue in Little Saigon, where success is measured by new, two-story malls.*

Winchell's, down to 300 stores from their high of 1,000 10 years ago, now opt instead for the financial security of full-size malls.

Long Beach's Sunrise Hair and Nail Salon exemplifies how much the mini-malls are hurting. A lone manicurist sat at the reception desk thumbing through a newspaper, and conceded that not one customer had come in all day. "It's been slow the last few months," she said. "Too slow."

photo by Reggie Hall

Numerous empty parking spaces spell another slow day for Eastside Plaza in Long Beach.

Employees of the karaoke shop next door sullenly agreed. "It's too quiet," Lee Cheng said, gesturing to the empty parking lot. The roar of a movie on the big screen television was all that filled Sing Along Music World, and owner Cheng admitted he will definitely move to a busier location when his lease runs out.

Construction has also been hard-hit by the economy. With the sudden popularity of mini-malls in the early 1980s, companies had almost more building contracts than they could handle. The crisis affecting the malls now leaves construction workers searching for new jobs. Contractors, accustomed to the sweet profits the malls made, are now being denied construction loans. "Clearly, construction companies are hurting," Bentley said.

Surprisingly, one sector of the mini-mall business is thriving. "The Asian market is booming," said one bank officer, who asked not to be identified. A cruise down Bolsa Avenue in Little Saigon, spread over parts of Garden Grove, Santa Ana and Westminster, reveals customers spilling over into the streets and the parking lots in these malls are filled to capacity. "The Asians are very loyal to their own when it comes to spending money in these stores," said the bank officer.

Loyalty only partly explains their success. Stores in these malls tend to be more specialized. Vietnamese bakeries, restaurants and even video stores with subtitled tapes cater to specific consumer needs. Their success can be measured by the busy shoppers filling the stores. In contrast, other Southern California mini-malls stock their shelves with as much variety as possible, trying to be everything to everybody. The method, as evidenced by the dying mini-malls, is clearly not as successful as Little Saigon's.

Whereas mini-malls generally beg for leasers, the only "For Lease" signs in Little Saigon adorn mini-malls in the process of being built. At a time when most others are being torn down or sit vacant, at least three new Little Saigon malls are under construction, one with a large banner proclaiming "Last Space Left!"

A growing trend is to try and sell off the malls as a whole unit in an attempt to recover lost investments. Takers for entire malls have included such buyers as church groups interested in remodeling the malls into gathering places for their congregations, and movie theater franchises who turn the outlets into entertainment centers and multiplex theaters. In what may be a sign of things to come, malls centrally located on or near beach front property have even been cleared for newresidential housing.

The mini-malls have now resorted to renting out storefronts to unconventional leasers. Self-help organizations, such as recovery support groups for drugs, alcohol or other illnesses, are among the most popular, requiring only a large open floor space and plenty of folding chairs.

The demise of the mini-malls affects more than just the occasional neighborhood shopper. The massive financial losses hitting all the industries serving the malls, from banks to builders, from proprietors to customers, leaves only one thing for certain in these most uncertain times: With the disintegration of the neighborhood mini-malls, convenience just may be the smallest of sacrifices offered up to this monster called "recession."

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Scrolls *continued from page 19*
way to the Rockefeller Museum (also known as the Palestine Archaeological Museum) in Jerusalem, where the originals remain today.

Eleven caves were eventually discovered. The greatest find, uncovered in September of 1952, came with the opening of the fourth cave (Cave 4). The other caves, nestled high on the cliffs, appear to be man-made, but Cave 4 is a natural ground-level dwelling and significantly larger than the others. Inside Cave 4 were found the greatest number, and most fragmented, portions of Scroll material that would not be released to the general public until Eiseman published *The Facsimile Edition.*

The opening of Cave 4 raised questions reaching deep into the heart of Judaism and Christianity. Most scholars agree that the Scrolls were written between 200 B.C. and 68 A.D., the formative stages of Rabbinical Judaism and early Christianity. These sectarian scrolls raised a glut of hotly debated issues, such as: Were they written by an aberrant sect of Jews or by early Christians? Are the ideas representative of religious thought of that day, or are they ideas isolated to some quasi-cult living in the wilderness in the first century?

Eisenman argues that these Cave 4 fragments reveal key clues to the authors of the text as well as the roots of early Christianity. His argument is the keystone of the current debate.

Since their discovery, scholars have thought that the scribes who wrote the Scrolls were part of a pacifist, isolated sect of Jews known as the Essenes. Eisenman contends that either the authors of the Scrolls were not the Essenes at all, or their character has been ill-defined.

Portions of the fragmentary text known as the "War Scroll" were found in both Caves 1 and 4. This scroll is apparently a manual for war strategy and tactics that, if written by the Essenes, would draw into question the commonly held assumption that they were pacifists.

Eisenman was a boy in New Jersey when the Scrolls were discovered and did not receive his philosophy degree from Cornell University until 1958. Upon graduation from Cornell, he spent several years traveling and teaching in both Israel and India. While living briefly in Paris, Eisenman met Heather, now his wife of more than 20 years. His interest in roots and origins led him to the further study of Hebrew and Near East languages at New York University.

After completing his master's at NYU, he began doctoral studies in Middle East languages and cultures at Columbia University, receiving his Ph.D. in 1971. He moved to the Middle East, and lived following Arab East Jerusalem shortly after the city's unification the 1967 Arab-Israeli war.

In 1973, he accepted a position in religious studies at CSULB, the department he now chairs. "It's a university that treats the students better than the faculty,"

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Eisenman said. "That was completely alien to the universe that I had known."

Eisenman teaches fundamental religious studies courses on Early Christianity, Jesus, the Dead Sea Scrolls and his new speciality, Islam..

As he taught these courses, Eisenman developed his own theories on the origins of Christianity. He has given particular attention to Paul and James and their interaction in the formative years of the faith. This is the subject for his 1986 book *James the Just in the Habakkuk Pesher.*

In 1985, he was named a National Endowment for the Humanities fellow and was sent to the William F. Albright Institute in Jerusalem, the center for all archaeological field work in Israel and the Palestinian area. Eisenman's selection was unusual because these appointments had long been given exclusively to field archaeologists.

As an historian, Eisenman uses a broad sweep of history as the foundation for his scholastic approach. As results from the cartel would trickle in, the internal data (what the text says) and the external data (archaeological) would often be at odds. Eisenman, proposing a different approach, said, "Let's look at the internal data to see where that leads us and then see if the archaeology and philology hold up vis-a-vis what the internal data is telling us." But without full access to all the material, a broad perspective was not possible.

While at the Albright School, Eisenman began pushing for full access to the Scroll material. Even in Jerusalem, the center of it all, he was frustrated at the lack of available work to be done. What he faced was an establishment with a simple message: "You're going to have to wait until we get all this out." What angered him was "this arrogance, this protectiveness, this secretiveness, this empire-building."

In April of 1986 Eisenman and Professor Philip Davies of the University of Sheffield in England approached Magen Broshi, curator of the Shrine of the Book at the Israel Museum, on the problems of access and non-publication. Broshi told them they would not see the unpublished fragments in their lifetimes. Eisenman, taken aback by Broshi's comments, was more determined than ever to prove him wrong. "The hell, you say," Eisenman said. "That started this whole campaign."

Lately, Eisenman's time has been taken up by leading CSU expeditions to Israel, his most recent in January. The team, including some 20 students, did a full archaeological survey of the area covering the 10-to-20-mile area south of the Qumran cliffs.

When not traveling, Eisenman works on getting the translations of the 100 best Scroll fragments published.

Jim Battenfield, a religious studies lecturer at CSULB, said of his colleague,, "He has a wonderful statement to make: Read the text."

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The Pacific Coast Disc Jockey Association

***Spray can**, continued from page 21*
original imagery. As the artists mature, the murals grow more striking, visually and emotionally. Among the best—a rambunctious, loosely affiliated troupe—there is an anything-goes attitude and a fiercely competitive spirit. That combination is fueling a cultural phenomenon.

Critics warn that calling it art is dangerous, only glorifying a crime. But aerosal art advocates say the real crime is not giving the medium a better chance to help solve the graffiti problem. It deserves more credibility, they claim, because a radical shift in values happens every time a tagger decides to become an artist. Hungry for recognition, they constantly risk arrest in getting their pieces up. Many prefer art over tagging. Since very few walls in Los Angeles are legal to paint, artists see little choice but to "vandalize."

Except the need for strength in numbers, "crews" of artists have little in common with gangs. You will almost never find a crew carrying drugs and guns, and you will never find a gang carrying nearly a hundred different colors of paint. For many kids, crews offer a life-saving alternative to gangs.

Ben, 21, is a senior member of Pasadena's Earth Crew. Polite, soft-spoken and wearing a dozen or so descending ridges carved in his hair, Ben stands in front of a wall. He is at home, relaxed, gazing upon it contentedly. He steps through a glut of spray cans covering the ground. Staring at the wall, calm and businesslike, he shakes the cans.

Sometimes Ben paces around to get a perspective on the overall picture, but usually stands with his face just inches from the wall, operating on it with short bursts of paint. He tilts his head to blow drips back up the wall until they disappear. After about six hours, an 8 foot by 20 foot surface has come alive in amazing detail. After nine hours, it does not even look like anything that could have come from a spray can.

Fellow muralist Raul Gamboa, 23, cruises by, checks it out and yells, "That shit is def." This is the second highest compliment one artist can pay another.

"Thanks," replies Ben, handing Raul a can. "Want to add something?" This is the highest compliment one artist can pay another.

Raul declines, preferring to just stand back and admire his peer's work. "Spray can art is a lot like having sex," he says. "You only have one tool, but you can use it in so many different ways."

When Ben recruits aspiring newcomers to Earth Crew, the first thing he offers is a crash course in self-improvement. "We are out to draw a very thick and bold line between art and vandalism," Ben said.

Earth Crew's self-appointed mother-hen, Helen Samuels, thinks Ben has exactly what it takes to give youngsters an enlightened clue. "Growing up around gangsters, he has survived his condition and come out of it with great light, wisdom and strength," she said. "Ben is a champion of our cause."

Veteran muralist Peter "Captain Graffiti" Quezada has been into aerosol art since 1979. "I'm not an artist," he said. "I'm a youth counselor first."

Local television news crews now seek out Raul Gamboa out as aerosol art's prime mouthpiece. He is a fixture at Graffiti Arts Coalition meetings, voicing concerns to bureaucrats like Al Nodal, general manager of the Cultural Affairs Department in Los Angeles. Nodal needs Raul for better understanding of the situation on the street, mainly conflict between artists and police. And Raul needs Nodal if aerosol art is ever going to gain public credibility.

Founded by activist Diane Alexander, the Graffiti Arts Coalition aids young artists in their struggles with city government and police. Alexander and others are starting to help city officials see the bright side of aerosol art, and that these artists are not criminals.

Devon Brewer, a graduate anthropology student at University of California, Irvine, has researched the issue. "A solution would be a combination of legal forms for graffiti art, like the program in Huntington Beach with the seawall," he said. "It's about a half-mile long, and the aerosol art murals are all clean and they're not being defaced by other writers."

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Gangsters respect the artists' work and rarely harm it. Muralist "Playboy Eddie" said, "We grew up with the gangsters. They have their walls and we have ours. It's understood. Only the occasional hard-knock, who doesn't care about anything, will come and mess things up."

When he is not in New York or London competing internationally for cash and fame, Raul practices his art in the Arroyo Seco water channel, a two-mile long concrete embankment running between the Pasadena Freeway and the Los Angeles River. Alexander, his close ally, has asked Nodal and other officials to designate the channel as a "free-art zone."

"The appeal of this pilot proposal is that it would take the pressure off illegal walls, free artists from police harassment, while inviting young taggers to move up to art. Obviously it would not stop all the vandalism in this city, but it would provide kids with an alternative," Alexander explained.

Raul agreed with her. "Out of every thousand aspiring artists, only about a dozen have what it takes to truly make it. They will take care of themselves. It's the others that we try to help."

Hex, a 27-year-old entrepreneur and a master of the fine line, has been commissioned to put murals on storefronts up and down Melrose Avenue. A graphic piece of his art, created on plywood in about six hours, was bought by actor Dennis Hopper for $1,500.

On the downside, a Lawndale auto shop owner contracted a group of aerosol artists to beautify his business and give it character. But it made some of the neighbors nervous and residents petitioned the city to force the auto mechanic to cover the logos and murals. Lawndale fined the mechanic $200 a day until he covered it.

Maybe, if the public warms up to aerosol art, someone like Hex can hit that shop again. Business will boom. The police will nail anyone who tries to deface it. The neighbors will think it is def.

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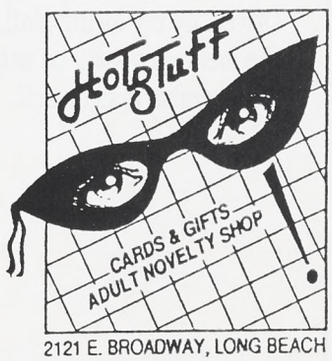

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Editor's Note

"Well, you won't embarrass yourself."

For not being the journalist in the family, my sister has a way with words.

She had been reading a draft of my long-awaited editor's note, and was obviously less than impressed. What could she expect from someone who had just spent two solid weeks in a windowless office with a managing editor who had developed an unusual attachment to a pica pole, associate editors who relieved their stress by shouting profanities at me to see what I would do, and an art staff who kept disappearing to happy hour?

So, despite the fact that the 11th hour rapidly approached, I decided to start over. I have spent three months worrying, working and sacrificing for this magazine, as have the rest of the staff. This publication, and especially this issue, has become too important to us all for me to just settle on something which won't embarrass me.

I wanted an editor's note that would not only read well to me today, but next year, the year after that, and in ten years as well. I wanted one that my successors would enjoy.

It is tradition for distraught, stressed-out editors to delve into back issues and scrounge through what their predecessors have written in the hope of finding inspiration. Unfortunately, *University Magazine* editors do not exactly make the best muses. Failing to find anything except the continuity of last-minute, desperate editor's notes, I turned to family and friends. And they had some really good ideas; suggestions included the death penalty, the sorry shape of child care in this country, the economy, the budget cuts, the constantly changing political landscape, student political apathy, the homeless, abortion or how lucky I am to be getting out of this university before it all falls apart.

Thank you for all your suggestions. They are all important topics which I could easily have gushed on about. But I wanted to leave my last words to CSULB on a more uplifting note, and I doubt I could find any hope at the end of an editorial on day care or the recession.

Maybe this would have been the note which I wanted it to be if I had not waited until exactly the last minute to compose it, just like every other *University Magazine* editor. Perhaps this is just the cost of being a journalism major—we can only work under the pressure of the impending deadline.

Here I am, at the end of my long-awaited note, and I have not said anything. At least I admit it. It is just the way of the *University Magazine* world. It was inevitable, it was my fate.

And the uplifting part? I had a wonderful time, despite being called "The Power Hungry Slave Driver" by my loving staff. I received a great education. *University Magazine*—the magazine, the staff and the memories—will be with me forever. I guess all I really want is to say thank you. That, and I hope I didn't embarrass myself.

Kelley Raye Gludt

Kelley Raye Gludt
editor in chief

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